

It Is An Ever-Fixed Mark

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/11887068) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/11887068>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter , Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Hannigram - Freeform , Post-Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb , Murder Husbands , Cute , Fluff , Will Loves Hannibal , Hannibal Loves Will , Hurt and comfort
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of I'm Very Fawned of You, My Deer
Collections:	Wendigo & Stag
Stats:	Published: 2017-08-25 Words: 454 Chapters: 1/1

It Is An Ever-Fixed Mark

by [amoralagent](#)

Summary

Their rhythmic breathing was all around him, feeling Hannibal's ribs expanding under his palms in coordination with his own, "This is all your fault."

"As most things are."

These two leaning into each other in the kitchen after an exhausting day and an unwelcome nightmare, all fingers carding through hair and trailing down spines until they can relax again, and learn to smile.

Notes

Title: Sonnet 116 by William Shakespeare

"I don't want to move." Will admits to the space behind Hannibal, nosing against the man's cheek and sighing.

Hannibal secures his arms tighter and turns his head to speak into the softness of Will's unruly curls, just behind his ear: "You don't have to." He placed a lingering kiss there before dropping his head to nestle in the space where his neck meets his shoulder.

"We do, if we want to survive." Their rhythmic breathing was all around him, feeling Hannibal's ribs expanding under his palms in coordination with his own, "This is all your fault."

"As most things are."

Will traced his fingers in patterns down his shoulder blades and back up, "You started it."

"So end it," Hannibal mumbled challengingly, teeth brushing against Will's skin. Both of them had been standing silently in the kitchen holding each other for more than handful of minutes now. It started off as Hannibal stroking hair out of Will's tired face in the wake of a nightmare, bringing him in for a hug that seemingly refused to end.

There may as well have been rope tying them together. Only there wasn't. Nothing to distract them. Just the distinctive scent of home and dust dancing in the air, the slight hum of the light above attracting a lodging moth, and the inky blackness beyond the windows pressing up against the glass. Hannibal's thumbs fit nicely into the hollows of Will's spine, hands wandering all the way down from his hair, pads of his fingers gliding in circles under his shirt, comforting. He could, and has, fallen asleep to the feeling of Hannibal's hands drawing on his back as gentle as a love-fraught sigh, a moonbeam, cold and light. Those nights, he wouldn't have nightmares, and instead he'd dream of bedsheets in the wind and floating without worry on the surface of a lake.

"You're going to have to carry me."

"Will I now?"

"Unless it'll throw your back out; you've done it before but that was a few years ago now." Will hooked his arms around Hannibal's neck and grinned, mocking: "Senility gets us all, *Doctor Lecter*."

Hannibal hummed in response, sighing like he'd been defeated, "Maybe you're right."

Will scoffed, "I know I'm not," Suddenly, he hopped up to wrap his legs around Hannibal's waist, the older man not even flinching, spread hands securing under his thighs, "Come on, old man, off we go!" That caused an equally sudden jerk of a bouncing action to adjust his grip like you would do with a baby, and Hannibal walked out of the kitchen and up the stairs without incident, as if Will was the same weight as one. Will couldn't help but laugh the entire way.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!